

Saved by St. Joseph.

The captain sat in his cabin; his brow marked with troubled lines, his thoughts full of anxiety. There was an unusual atmosphere in the ship; the sailors seemed sullen and gloomy, not going about their duties cheerfully and willingly as they had been wont to do. This state of affairs had begun with the advent of Lieutenant Fernan, and things were daily growing worse.

Captain Steinecke leaned his head on his hands, unable to decide what course to pursue; the sole consolation of these deeply anxious moments being the knowledge that his life at sea was nearly over; that after this voyage he would be able to return to his widowed daughter and her two children to spend his remaining days in quiet content. Although he had not reached the age for retirement, his health had not been good since the death of his wife, while he was absent on a voyage two years before. And thus it was that the paternal government, which he had served for so many faithful years, had granted him leave to retire earlier than was customary. While he sat there musing, to-morrow he had within the bosom of his vest and drew forth a beautiful miniature picture of St. Joseph, which he always wore, and after gazing upon it long and earnestly, he fervently pressed it to his lips. It had been given him by his dead wife who had had it copied by an excellent artist from a famous painting of the gentle saint. Replacing it in his bosom he leaned back in his chair and wearily closed his eyes. He was soon fast asleep.

As he slept he dreamed. All his perplexity and unhappiness vanished; he was standing once more beside the vine-covered window of his sweet drawing-room, his wife by his side. In the garden beneath them their little daughter gambolled and played, looking up and kissing her hand to the devoted parents who watched her so fondly. The years were effaced, he forgot that she too, like himself had lost her husband's companion, and that when he had last parted from her she had been clothed in melancholy robes of black and that she had mirrored his own tears in those of her orphan children. Again the scene changed—his wife was gone, but in her place stood his daughter, her image, and she was saying: "Father, do not give way to melancholy forebodings. With mother's dear picture of St. Joseph on your heart, nothing can harm you."

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder—the dream vanished, the dreamer awoke. Before him stood a young cadet named Hohn, the only one in whom he had noticed any spirit of insubordination. "What is the matter?" cried the captain, springing to his feet, as he observed the deadly paleness of the young man's face. "Do not speak so loud," said the cadet, whose eyes were here to warn you, although I fear it is already too late."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain. "What has happened to make you so pale and troubled looking?" "Mutiny!" replied the other. "They have determined to kill you. Lieutenant Fernan has a mad scheme of becoming captain, and with brilliant promises he has persuaded the crew to join him."

"But why?" answered the captain. "I have remarked his peculiar behavior as well as that of all the others, save yourself, but never dreamed that things had gone so far. Why commit murder when the next voyage would see him in my place?" "There is gold on this ship," whispered the other. "Lieutenant Fernan has concocted a scheme to seize it, take the ship and turn it into a pirate cruiser. The men have been partly coerced, and partly induced by promises of a share in the booty, to join him."

"Are you sure that this plan is fully matured?" "I heard it all through the thin partition between my quarters and theirs. I have an unusually fine ear, captain. I did not miss a word. What can we do to avert this terrible calamity?" "There is nothing to be done," answered the captain sadly, in a voice scarcely audible to his hearer. "To make an appeal for mercy would not only be vain, but it would involve you in a like misfortune with myself, for then they would know from whom I learned the particulars. For me it is only a matter of a few years at most; you have, I trust, a long and useful life before you. But I could have died this."

time, in order to effect your escape. Do nothing rash. And now hasten away, lest you be discovered. The knowledge that you have not imperiled your life for mine will make my own fate easier to bear."

So saying he beckoned him away. The young man seized his hand, pressed it warmly and disappeared. When he had gone the captain fell upon his knees and prayed fervently. Not many moments had elapsed before he heard the murmur of approaching voices. The captain arose, the door was thrown open, and the lieutenant, accompanied by several sailors, appeared on the threshold. At the same instant a tremendous clap of thunder broke upon their ears.

"What is wrong?" asked the captain, as they crowded into the room. "Nothing is wrong," replied Lieutenant Fernan insolently. "Everything is all right now. I am in command of this ship; these men will obey my orders to the letter. Your last hour has come, Captain Steinecke; neither praying nor pleading will avail you; make no resistance, but follow us at once."

Another clap of thunder more terrible than the first caused some of the sailors to start in terror. "We are going to have a fearful storm," said one, glancing timidly at the lieutenant. "Coward," he replied. "Not another word." At the same moment he gave him a violent push. The others exchanged glances, they were not pleased to see their companion thus rudely treated. The contrast between the calm, dignified attitude of the captain and that of their new commander was striking enough to make them pause in their unwholy work. The lieutenant saw that they were beginning to hesitate and a feeling of rage took possession of him. "Out with you," he cried, "Seize this man and throw him into the sea."

As he spoke the war of the elements began in earnest. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the wind howled through the rigging, and the rain came down in torrents. The sailors without exception shrank back as the lieutenant repeated his commands. Not one of them offered to stir. "Cowards," he shouted, "throw that man into the sea!"

No one moved. With a terrible oath the lieutenant sprang forward, pistol in hand. The next instant he had pressed it against the captain's heart, and pulled the trigger. A flash, a puff of smoke followed—but the man whom he had thought to kill stood perfectly calm and uninjured. The bystanders were astounded, but the lieutenant was not dismayed. Once more he waved his hand to pull the trigger which he had this time aimed close to the head of the captain, but at that critical instant all was changed. A terrible blaze of lightning seemed to envelope the deck, followed by a shock that stunned all those who stood within its influence. When it had passed the sailors stepped forward. Prone on the deck lay a man, a dead man, a wild streak disfiguring his forehead and ashen cheeks. But it was not Captain Steinecke. Kneeling on the deck beside the corpse of his would-be murderer, the good man exclaimed in a tremulous voice:

"He has been struck by lightning, May God have mercy on his soul. At the same moment he drew the miniature picture of St. Joseph from his bosom. The ivory face of it had been shattered to fragments, making also a deep indentation in the back, which was of gold. "See, men!" he cried, holding it aloft. "It is St. Joseph, who under the Providence of God has saved my life."

The terrible warning they had just received proved effective with the mutineers. To a man they went on their knees beseeching the captain to forgive them, promising at the same time to obey without a murmur his slightest command. Captain Steinecke was a Christian; he lost not a moment in enforcing with the most solemn words the lesson they had just received. During the remainder of the voyage they were a model crew.

It was the nineteenth of March of that same year. Two months had elapsed since the occurrence of the foregoing events. The widowed daughter of Captain Steinecke sat on a bench in the garden of her father's residence. The first flowers of spring bloomed all about her, the birds sang in the branches, but her heart was heavy and sad, for only the day before she had read in the newspaper that a fast steamer passing the "Orion" in mid-ocean had brought tidings of the death by a stroke of lightning of its gallant commander. She could obtain no further particulars until the arrival of his ship, which was now due. On this day her father and mother had been wont to make a festival at home, and had never failed to attend High Mass at the village church. And now they were both gone, and she must keep it alone with her little children. Although her inclinations would have kept her at home, she wished to do that which she felt would please her parents. Therefore she had dressed her little ones in their best, and together they were about to set out to church. The children, still too young to realize the extent of her loss and of their own, played near her on the lawn.

moments they came out upon the meadow, through which flowed a little brook, in whose clear waters the minnows could be seen sporting themselves. In the middle of this field stood an old willow tree of immense size, beneath whose spreading branches a rustic seat had been placed by some kind Christian soul in times long since forgotten. Here the children had always been in the habit of resting on their way to and from the village.

"Mother, there is a man sitting on the bench," said Joseph. "Shall we rest, or shall we go on?" "As you please," replied the mother. "If you do not feel tired, perhaps it may be as well to go on."

But the man arose at their approach, and came forward smiling. "Grandpapa, grandpapa!" exclaimed the little ones with joy. "O, mother, he is not dead, he is here."

The mother stood still, trembling half afraid. But a well known voice reassured her. "Emly," cried her father, with extended arms, and she sank upon his bosom.

"But we thought you were dead, father," she said at last, and related the circumstance of the arrival of the unwelcome news. Then her father told her the story of his miraculous escape, adding, as he finished, "We reached Bremerhaven yesterday, and I hurried home as fast as I could, leaving my boxes at home later, for I wished to be with you on St. Joseph's Day. I feel that we must spend it together, as we have always done whenever possible when such a miracle has been worked in my behalf. Your dear mother would have wished it so, Emly. As I reached the village the first bell was ringing for Mass, and I knew I was certain to meet you. Thinking to surprise you, I waited for this bench by the willow. But I hear the last bell. We must hasten, for we cannot afford to be late to-day at the Mass which will be for us more than ever one of praise and thanksgiving." Mrs. M. E. Mannix, in the Rosary Magazine.

So the days passed, and the end drew nearer. "Has the child's mother never been to inquire for him?" the nurse was asked one day when the boy dropped more than usual, and the angel's task seemed well nigh done. "No," was the answer, "no one has ever been nigh the place to ask after him. They do not know whether he had a mother. They had asked him questions about his past life, but his answers are very vague and unsatisfactory and they had no idea where his people lived, or how to go to them."

"There are queer folk in this world," she said, "and the little innocent is going to a better home now than he ever had before."

"Promise me," said the child that evening, as the nurse was arranging him for the night, "promise that you won't take the 'omnibus' away. I want it to go with me."

She promised, and said that no one should ever have it but him; and he went to sleep with it in his arms.

When the next morning came, and the nurse was shown in through the hospital doorway, the Sun of Justice had already risen upon the little soul in a land where there is no setting, and the great Father had received the child outcast into his everlasting home.

But the child's body lay on the hospital bed with the omnibus still clasped in his cold white fingers; and when it was placed in the coffin, room was found there for it also; so that Jesus and His angels might see that the lost thought of the much wronged babe had been one of forgiveness and love.

GRANDMOTHER is at the window in her quiet room. She sits there most of the day, looking placidly on the outdoor world. It is May-time; the air is sweet with the breath of lilacs and creamy magnolias, and a few late blossoms shine out redly on the japonica bush. There is a soft, droning sound from the bees as they settle upon some honey-laden branch.

Grandmother leans forward a little. Getrude, the pretty granddaughter, is coming up the walk, swinging her strap of books. There is all the charm and delight of youth in her light, firm step, and the poise of her brown head. Grandmother watches her lovingly. "Dear little creature!" she says, "seems like just the other day when she was a little wisp in her long white dress, putting out her arms and cooing to grandmamma to take her."

She sighs a little, and then a wistfulness creeps into her eyes, as she looks down on the buoyant girlish figure and thinks how more than three-score years have passed since she walked with such a springing, elastic step. She glances, with

a little, patient smile, at the fact on the old carpet hassock; they move so slowly and languidly now. It is very sweet to be young and strong and glad! Will Getrude think to look up, with a smile and a gay word? Sometimes she does, but often—well, it is no wonder young folks sometimes forget the old—they have so many beautiful things to think about.

She watches the clock with growing eagerness. It is almost time for the mail-carrier to come by. Perhaps she will get a letter to-day from Katharine. "Give my love to grandmamma, and tell her I am going to write to her soon!" That is what Katharine has been saying for some months in the postscripts of her letters to Getrude. So grandmamma watches the clock every day as the time draws near for the gray-uniformed figure to come down the street. If the letter does not come to-day, it may to-morrow. That is the way grandmother always reasons, trying to put away the chilling disappointment settling over her.

It is queer how an old, tired heart like hers can quicken its beating, just for a little, fluttering hope. There is almost a childlike wistfulness in her eyes when the letter-carrier comes in sight. He is in front of the house—but the gate now—but he passes by. She settles back with a little patient sigh. She wishes the clock would go faster—it is so many hours before the dark comes and she can go to sleep. There is a new magazine laying on the little table beside her, but her eyes ache too much to even look at the pictures any more.

She looks out of the window again, her face turned intently on the street, while the shadows grow near on the yellow road and the bright, vivid green of the grass. "Twenty-three!" she says to herself. It is a little game that she has invented to cheat the monotony of her days—this counting of the bicycles that go spinning down the road. She numbers the white horses that she numbers, whenever it is, it helps the minutes to go by.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, L. J. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Keavenagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinnivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran, 1st Vice, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. Curran; B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seignesses and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan, Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Foley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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His cap is old, but his hair is gold, And his face is as clear as the sky. And wherever he meets, on lanes or street, He looks him straight in the eye. With a fearless pride that has naught to hide, Though he bows like a little knight, Quite debonair, to a lady fair, With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not k't or ball, Or the prettiest game, can stay His eager feet as he hastens to greet. Whatever she means to say, And the teachers depend on the little friend.

At school in his place at nine, With his lessons learned and his good marks earned, All ready to toe the line. I wonder if you have seen him, too, This boy, who is not too big, For a morning kiss from mother and sis.

Who isn't a bit of prig, But gentle and strong, and the whole day long As merry as boy can be. A gentleman, clear, in coming years, And at present the boy for me.

FORGIVENESS.—Rain, rain, nothing but rain from the murky sky beneath, but slush and filth beneath, a little rush as if pushing people all around. The air was full of the clamor and roar of the great city; everything and everybody seemed cold and pitiless and in a hurry; everybody, except a child who stood on the curbstone; and watching the surging rumbling crowd that rolled past him.

It was a child with fair and delicate limbs that would have made the joy of a mother's heart and the light of many a childish home, but he stood as if a little rush as if barefoot on the edge of the pavement, so friendless and homeless that could not tell you where he had come from, nor where he was going to, for I doubt whether he knew himself.

He did not look frightened or bewildered at his loneliness, though why he did not, it is hard to say; perhaps he was aware of what no one else could see, of the white shining angel standing beside him with stainless outspread wings untroubled by the crush of the thronging crowd, and tender hands open to guard and direct him. However that may be, there was a fearless promptitude in the way in which he scrambled from the high pavement, down into a direct line across the street. And the angel was with him still, with him as he dodged under the very wheels of a rattling hansom, with him as a policeman called to him to "look out," and made a little rush as if to seize him, with him as the big omnibus thundered down upon him with its three heavy horses, and with him still when the omnibus had passed and the child lay a crushed and mangled heap in the middle of the street.

There had been none to stretch out a hand to the little outcast before, or to ward the evil from him, but there were plenty, now that the evil was done, to weep over him and sympathize and offer remedies. Alas! it is not often and often so. But, happily, it was not too late this time for the remedy to be of some service? The child was carried to a hospital and laid in a little bed, and all that surgical aid and tender nursing could do was done for him.

you happiness with Him for ever, bidding us only love one another for His sake, even as He had loved us, and forgive us as we had been forgiven. The child's face blushed with words as he hung upon her.

"Our dear Lord forgave everybody, even the wicked men who put Him to death, and so we too, if we want to go to heaven with Him, we must forgive everybody from our hearts."

"Me too?" said the child, "must I forgive?" "Yes, even you." "He said nothing more then, and his friend rose up to go. "I'll come back to-morrow," she said as she stooped over his head, "and if you like I'll bring you a present. What shall it be. A picture book?"

"No, no, not a picture book." "Well then, a Noah's ark?" "No. Bring me an omnibus" and a pair of horses." "An omnibus? What would you do with it? You are too ill to ride about on the floor with it. Think of something else."

"No, no omnibus," he persisted, and seeing that his friend still hesitated, he stretched out his arms and clasped them around her neck. "I want to have an omnibus," he whispered, "to cuddle and nurse me, and then our dear Lord will know I have forgiven it, for running over me, and He'll let me go to heaven with Him."

So the toy was brought and laid in the child's bed, and he took it in his poor maimed arms and hugged it and made much of it, and forgave the painted tin driver who sat on the front seat, and over and over again assured him that he didn't mind having been run over, and that his side didn't hurt "so very much."

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December 28, 1901.

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the combatants dis- pistols without effect, of the seconds inter- posed that the duel- and objected to their hands," said he, making this half-hour.



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